WULFINNA

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TEN POEMS

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The red deer are high on the mountain,
They are beyond the last pine-trees.
And my desires have run with them.

— Richard Aldington (5, 'Images')

Und sind schöner die Gedichte
die ich nicht schreiben werde.

—Hilde Domin ('Schöner')

1

SPLENDOR was the first commons,
repeating what Life herself tells.
Rows on rows of spiritual proteins,

fecund saplings of fruit trees
and scarce reverence for lies —

but everything goes to shit, doesn't it?
(She too had expressed as much.)

One carefree glance away
killed two of her children:

one entirely, one partially.
Sense fell to its death
by the sway of a sweet lie;

Instinct bore witness: mulled over
the sight, carried on mourning —
soon forcing a vehement forgetfulness.

Instinct grew and led the way
through lifelong afterimages;

a precarious budding aspect
narrowly grasping its lone station,

its essence sown for wellness —

reaped illness. Captive souls with
delusions of inherent rightness:

because instinct was received
with a candid thrust of nerves —

because a father's grandfather
maintained as much.

A whole way of things made thus.

*

Spiritual vultures weave, decipher
the alleged mystery at once:

fading candles, misnomer lyrics
illuminate the dominant cobble
of Present Day sitting still

and triumphant; leering
and lurching at every shred

of pure innocence; snatching
its hopeful dream of Tomorrow

and gnawing its pink sinew
'til red with pain, pale with death.

In an instant, this is life corralled
such that it has been:

conceptual fibers made walls
laid by duped, fervent hands

inspire naive repetitions
of unwarranted hymns

condemning lives to believe and hope,
never to know, think or hold.

*

Mystery revealed
as blithe disregard —

able to be grasped, but let slip
for worship of the unattainable —

those few who deciphered themselves
(their clutching, screaming selves,)
found rise to ask,

"Is this not the way it goes?—
when the bounty of being is tossed
for the poverty of piety . . .

when the crimson blood of life is shed
for the gray posting of the nation . . .

when the shackles of a dormant mind
justify themselves in the ease
of a world assembled such?"

Fury, brilliance and their dissonance . . .
lyrics voiced without arising —

splendor has lurched a league away,
doing so as the instant reflex of hares

in summertime fields
jarred by the snap of a branch
in the forest of our yearning.

Awakening there at all, we knew then
we were damned to want.

*

Bogs being resting places
of many ardent blades
carries with it the particular condition

of sealing ancient flecks of blood sprayed
for what began as blood sprayed
for fear of first blood . . .

because a father's grandfather
maintained as much

who rots in the depths.

Far behind the broken bread,
the marrow soup and the stale
saying grace —

to sate was once to breathe and sing:
to taste splendor, preserve with love.

But by the whim of a rogue instinct —
(to claim, gang press, slander,
force convert, rob with righteousness,
make of another's one's corrupted

“own—”)
life corrodes alongside mercy

leaving Instinct lost, alone.

One redeeming flinch comes in degrees
of real and intimate mystery:
of weighing the world with the self,

of self-imbuing with divinity,
underscoring living matter

as the heartbeat of it all.

A reach upward like Eve’s
beside Lilith’s enduring smirk

grasps the nerve only by extension

of a hand beyond the daring
of the serpent — the pulsing archetype
crying out to something bold in us.

Something aching for its twin aspect,
quivering toward the unspeakable.

2

Early light. The earliest light in December.
Beneath luminous advances
gaze desperate eyes into merging gradients.

There is no such thing as comfort . . . . . .

save the impulse to reach under the day
and pull from its drawer the secret
of conjuring the renewed breath.

I do not struggle for ideas, but for
placement and sequence —
hoping, with childlike naïveté,

that the brightening sky
will whisper a pointer my way:

send up some flare or yellow kite
to jolt me out of staring,
moving me inward

toward the bastion of self-preservation
that is contemplating in quiet

but never halting to rest there.

*

The quiet has been decent to me
in reminding what words are —

why letters are so crucially aligned.

Vocalizations — tepid, shrewd —
uncover only frustrated want;

I once made a regretful home out of these,
opting now for a silent descriptiveness

to reside in.

Doses of deliberate ink shape steps
toward real meaning — the source
flaring behind wide eyes

parsing the gilded absurdity . . .
the absurd nature of the self

in conflict with the world.

I have since burned the rotten cabin
made of snaps and barks.

I have found home in myself
beyond the sorrowful ideals

facing outward in my eyes.

*

If clarity had reached me in my dream
it shall greet me in my inner garden:

I sow it among the weeds
for they too hold nutrients;

I dispatch some to friends in the far desert
for sterile minerals to transmute into light.

Clarity is not fixed: it is not frozen
nor bolted into the steel of a freeing gun.

It is not innate nor achieved,
it is not the possession of the few

nor of any one many.

It is universally throbbing
when delusion is smothered
with the taut compression

on mouth and nose

grasped by the tendons of disdain,
compacted firmly
by the flesh of all consequence.

*

There is an unmistakable habit:
to lounge at desks, wait for words
to arrive at their gallant rescue.

The typical save-our-souls fashion
of stewing in thought, racing

with intellectual tidbits combined
with the grit and grief of life.

Some introduce something more:
black rose petals, ancient wine

or Egyptian honey to sweeten
the dull, savory misery

that outlines words
in their feeble correspondence
with the pitch white daylight.

A piece of paper, a book —
this is how we carry on

trying to launch a new star
into the void of self-reasoning.

*

En vers libres // In einem
bestimmten meter.

Like everyone's individual anthem
roaring in unison; like clay shards

of spirit gathered and reduced
into one collective individual.

No. Do not break me to make me
a stranger. These lines
elaborate my echoes

that were lost after I fainted
from screaming.

Take them for what they are.

Send up your flare

and see me on.

3

I seem uninspired enough —
or unduly drained enough —
to ascribe to billows of incense
the condition of muse.
But some dour novel calls on me

through a character's mirror
to part through: find a grasp

beyond lifeless, indeterminate
courses of smoke —

or the old bridges in flames.

From one twelve-hour stretch
into another chapter of life,

there is a stiff cup of coffee greeting me
at the hour when moments
are coming together
in the secrecy of cosmic premeditation.

At the turn of this hour, the cup,
the contents and the moments

congeal into the present, which
adds itself to three extra pages
in the rickety library
of my psyche.
As I know my life is bound here,

so I burn its pages with matchsticks
of patience.

*

Walks are sacred
in the sense predating the sacred.

Myrod and mystaff,
they secure me onward.

*

You take the nightmare
from my waking tremor . . .

you dull the exposed nerve
of my unsung heart.

For this I thank you
in dearest pages

of my notes. Where
is the perfect branch,

fallen from the virulent tree,
that can be driven into the mud

marking the place of my rescue?

*

I fold a threadbare cloth
over detail itself,

containing responsibility
to know . . . obligation to express.
I did in a simple act

what all of poetry
never dreamed of fulfilling —

isolating The Heart
of All Matters

tied in the bandages
of my own understanding,

left at the doorsteps
of familiar academics

with a brief note:

“All is done. The object
that all verses point to

is asleep in the meadow now.”

*

Cold rush down the back
summoning the rise to tell
what feels wrong,
or what the word “Wrong”
actually points to
beyond any moral chain.

The too many points at which to start,
the ceaseless closing murmurs . . .

that every decent thing is rescinded
at the most intense, desperate hour . . .

that the lesser hours beg
for cello strings and old ink

to smooth the white-stricken hair
of all worry, all doubt . . .

that there is or was a want at all,
the gavel had rung through the stars.

But that there is a timelessness to our woes
tells that there is an equal resolution;

the cold I had felt
was not from fear nor Winter's fury,
        but was clarity —
true and total — as a tap
into mountains' crystal water;

that cold unsealing breezed upon me
at the flinch of the nerve to describe

what became pondered, evident.

It will do so again
at the flinch of the nerve to be free,

offering in common seeds of freeness.

4

Whoever will thinly surmise
the impossible
has already begun
reaching to snatch themselves.

Unwavering gravitation
that jerks its reigns by gasps
and bellows its fury by breeze

meets its attraction in the unity
between life and the living —

a universe within a body
being scarcely any different.

A perfection evolving, inherited
through the fact of being born,
        takes time flashing its veins
through the course of a lifetime;

the presence of thoughtful
nourishment caresses

the hand that lifted —
        turning pages, adding

some of one's own —
to sate its curiosities,
its throbbing aspirations.

To self-answer a question
no lesser conjecture resolves.

Here and there, punishment
for daring toward this "Impossible —"
the foot trappings of false permanence

held high, imposed
from the self-righteous hill

condemn the daring to dare more —
to find resolve only in the quiver

of the belly. In the theft of the fruit.

It was not the darer,

but the undaring who had set it such:
psalms and proverbs of chains . . .

a primal role of chain-breaker begging,
taunting to be played, abolished —

for every chain was shattered!

*

The outpour of our reading party:
my two sectioned pieces
read from the page.

Another's, a rosy sonnet,
played out as a micro drama.

"Memorize your torments," they suggest,
"so paper doesn't border your words."

The sixty seconds of thought
before a perfect word arises.

Effluence . . . and a dismissive chuckle.

The walk away, the so much
not there anymore.

A dog eared page somewhere
in the shaky library;
paragraph of detail
archived out of sight.

*

My having struck this match
at this moment

is proof enough to myself,
        to everyone with any sense,
that we may reach, reset life

altogether: the kerosene
of virulent resolve
soaks the page tatters

of the most “sacred” tome.
My tattered notes
        of my few decades here
will suffice to reference,
chart the journey

through the deep of night
into day’s serene home.

*

Hesitant word
comes through to beg me
for a sharp synonym
        on which to land and perish.
        But I had stopped caring
what the difference is;

I have spent my last grain,
have run my ink dry.
No word now cares,

and nor do I.

I am set to live the raw increments,
recording nothing —

subsisting on sunshine,
making heartfelt patterns in soil.

*

Seated . . . standing . . . lying supine.
None alters the shape. Not seen

but sensed — the cylindrical gush
of air flows out in January
from the wooded ridge —

unfolds in hasty bursts
the contention of the breathing:

to hang wreaths
or imprint new steps.

Fingers warm beside fire
as last downward tides of today
encumber human backs,

rest on wingtips of birds.

Last minutes of day
spent in the dull sorrow

of sunset reflecting the ages,
dreaming up images:

the luminous green tree line
below the open blue
that bright, white sunlight heightens
in the season after now.

5

Inside my thoughtful chamber,
the damp inner forest comforts me
at small hours such as these.

No prevailing word in the lull
of rivers' horizons
or neighboring dew drops' mysteries.
Sound, object recoil
in the footsore processions
of faintly grasping anything.

The slow eroding spasm that humanity
paints, proves but denies itself as
is tending to its last leg of an era:

concentration of cities, egotism
of borders, of settler "life,"
hypocrisy as modus.

I have exhumed all of my spirit
just to make it stop . . .

the splintered wood of bygone ages
imprisons, varnishes by blood,

by tears. Burns down entirely
by fuel excreted from the captured soul,
        gives rise to a dawn
that comes up in joyous wailing.

There we stand,
holding up the many fires for ourselves.

What else was the point of being at all?

*

Trapdoor unhinged.

That box over there, this box
right here:
        photo albums:
                mistaken realization
                carried all the way
                to the deathbed;
        notebooks, loose pages:
                purpose-driven love
                rushing at embers
                for a source of fire;
        various correspondences:
                clinging at a distance,

patchwork of embellishment —
clasped hands withholding
rag, bayonet:
symbol, implement
of the nation
that hated his free mind.

That these were sealed,
that an owner's absence abandons

colors the trace of a vanishing
that bears more weight
than any artifact.

Not suspected dead:
refrigerator, library cleaned.
A note demands solitude.

Thanks rendered to the stump
neighboring the simple cabin,

a photograph bears a name
while the one named
bears an unnameable life

elsewhere.

*

To be understood or not,

I harbor no resentment.
Only critical capacity
for critical thought,

which itself is a crime,
which generates resentment

more in them
than in me.

What, then, is to give?

*

An action alone,
void of emotion, of cadence,
was the swiftness of her spirit —

it was not her lips
or loud blue eyes
that grabbed attention,

but the easy stride
through uneasy tasks

that were crossed off
a list in mind.

The unutterable over all.

*

The inspired howl
trailing in linguistic sleight,
disintegrating subjugators of voice

is my plain-faced meaning.

Distilling sequences
of things absorbed —
ones that held, ones that wavered —
all these lend themselves

to the tangible opening
of the door barred and denied.

Like broken marble wonders,
the wilted petals in their furl —

one loss or set of losses
will safeguard the moment
through the doorway for you alone

into the destination
seated in yourself.

6

Doing what I can. Doing
what I should
        to hear the call
the river makes
when the wheat sleeps,

when daylight breaks on kind eyes
in pale purple hues —

wood thrush, collard-dove songs.

The unalienable surging
over, between ancient rocks

is bound to us
like an unfathomable mother
always concerned
        and always giving;
pouring out her wordless brilliance
that only laughing or joyful weeping

can aptly summarize for another.
Eyes be closed on this moment . . .

the soft ripple I heard
was sung for me,
and that one for you.
Open at ease —

offer up your breathing motions.

*

I could strain here forever
in the foggy absence of a clue.

I could sit still and pretend
my hand rests on tomorrow.

I could stab myself with my pen,
over and over, to say it mattered.

I could unbind the great works,
realign them for satire.

Because all this encapsulates
what all affairs drag out,

trying so very hard
to mimic profound fibers.

Yet all I want without needing
is an affair that ends the endless

and a text
that screams the rocks' nuances.

*

Doing, being what is
as embodying a breath:

taking in air, detail
stirring as they fill
the vacuum of flesh

working in tandem to sustain,
to nourish, to torture

the few knowable spheres.
Breathe in,

hold . .
not the somber nor sweet
in fierce pastures of null . . .
. . . now exhale ,
the morning forest
far too kind to us:

slow, steady evacuation
opens up everything,
holds the bright and dark
in cyclical tandem
before sprites of deep thought

become apparent, push up
the material challenges
from occupied ground,

from the doe raising her head
as two divinities meeting eyes.

7

Tangles weave out of me,
brace me to a black star.

Not simply overwhelmed
but overcome —

saturated with the waters
of unforgiving memory —

the scythe that feeds
will cleave my neck.

The flies are starving,
flesh too bitter to bear.

*

I have mused of mountaintops,
likened height to grasp.

Not to distance or divinity,
but imminence in you:
intake and output no longer

the completion of a tightening
barbed circle,
but the skewing vectors

of your quiet multitudes
entwined, in flux.

Decision, journey, ascent,
arrival. In blurred stages,

the unspoken chronology
that only a mind's flash

can replay . . . .

not at hand but always in.
Not ceasing or encumbered,

but becoming, withstanding.

*

Anything. Anything at all
just to elaborate the quiet.

*

Fury's washing tide:
blown-apart face,
off-hinge warped jaw

chances its morbid grin.

Still in remnants
of sanctuary toppled,
the hollow head slouches —

once host to quick, final thoughts
in the ancient practice
of taking refuge —

droops beneath the felled steeple
of the bombed-out cathedral.

That the life for life's sake
makes no choice in the slow murder
that hearts are prone to

beckons words reworked
that all can feel it clearly:

blessed are the lonely,
for they will embrace
themselves;

blessed are the dysphoric,
for they will bloom whole;

blessed are the hollowed-out,
for they will be filled entire.

By the face in hand, the word
looming on the dead mouth —

heal us now our nail wrists.
Heal us now our umbilical disease.

8

A calming tether does fasten
by steady jumps of the heart,
eager advances in daylight.

The wind, though changing,
is a friend. The obstacle,

though assured,
imbued with wrath,
exists only as a challenge

to the thoughtful resolve,
making it the only certain thing
against once-certain constraints.

A calming tether does fix
to the portion of the heart
fueling steps onward.

Raise, now, O Treasured Ones,
the sail that kisses the wind deeply —

a tether of calm
embraces to free.

*

It is that instant
of heartfelt telling —

“it’s okay —” (true or not)

an intentional touch
of chin or cheek —

it is in that gasp and feel
that life untangles, for but

the twitch of a wing.
The upward-leering eyes

that cast joyous tears
focus in the next second,

take in the empty.
Take in the old rose.

*

As sure as tension is felt,
release adjoins like a fence
that does not hinder
but guides.

What you hold, what I hold
is far too precious for all this:

the articulate sorrow,
the repeating days . . .

I will never be okay
because this world
never let me.

That is done now.
As sure as pyres will burn,

the civil, the academic,
rule by cruelty —
rule at all —
will smolder upon them.

Let these ashes be the fruit
that inspires the unknowable.

9

In miniature eternities
colored by eyes closed,
shaped by depression,

books are but trinkets
peddling thirst
by the oasis.

*

“It” can be more.
But I simply have no care.
“It” has left my doorway for the hills,

my want to chase these has waned —
bogs of satin call me on midnight’s rim.

*

With irregular foresight,
a line is known
        (perhaps a dream)
before the text opens.

A moment is easy
when one character —
        with stately serifs
hastily pressed —
declares you as you
and characters following

elaborate its not-knowing.
Your daydream is rich

when long marches through hurt
yield insights of courage,

spell themselves
in unwritten, resolute reply —

washing the dream,

leaving the fruitful portent
of the next stanza in motion.

*

Lingering at 11:59 A.M.,
blankets shroud my life,
veil my sight,

entomb something of me
for long enough

to raise something up . . .
bring me to life.

One o' clock.

Nightdress, coffee
are all that's in

and upon me.

Words like a bone
to a tired bitch.

*

On the left-hand side
is the knowing

that every day bears its shit:

that we rock 'n roll
through the shitworld, hellscape,
et cetera and so forth;

the disregard, alienation

with a knack for discounting,
tempering, straining,

sighing.

On the right-hand side
is the feeling

that all of it runs down the back,
drips off the hip

and pools into where
the head faces low.

In between is the tightrope
so clumsily traversed

yet gracefully footed
along perilous distances.

*

I feel myself gradually
inheriting
your respectable tiredness.

I feel now that fifty years
is nothing. A hundred

is hardly something.

A hundred hundreds
are only that . . . .

only what the rocks know.

I know that in tides
and ebbs of everything,
there is your warm fiber

beneath my endurance.

Not saying "goodbye"
but meeting all over again.

*

I love to see you *free*.
I love to see you calm
and assured

in the infinity of your potential.

I love to see you free
and unperturbed by the hell

that invades individual realities.

I love to see you free
as I love to see the birds

who embark on no course
but their own whim.

10

Torch ablaze: its light,
heat go down the line
to you. This here,

it is our splendor
whispering its fire.
Ancestral energy —

all uniquenesses distinct,
compact yet flowing —

meets the present point
of living results

pouring out of you,
autographed by your smile.

That is

what this was all for.

*

I make a crude sketch
of your perfection,

not to emulate
but celebrate.

And what image I've written
will be the mirror for others.

Never discard yourself —
as true beauty and wit

are in the Earth,

so they swell in vibrant colors
by your determined days forward.

*

Kindness to self:

a flare
traces the rim of a cloud
seen on the shoreline at dawn.

It may be the substantial
or the merely adequate.

But it is there.
It is for you.

*

In strides of your living soul,
mind not the cruel fiction
of "the world:"

not fictional as constructs:

not based in a "thing"
named a "thing,"

condemned to be "a thing"
without its uniqueness
outdoing its thingness
under constraints of concept.

"The world" assumes itself
by fixed, reverent totality:
revisions adjoining,

completing a measured line
agreed, by contract, as his-story.

The state developed, plain to feel:
tax, austerity, work, reverence —

space to expand, none to live.
Space to work, none to breathe.

That is “the world.”
And “worlds” are not in you,
are not the hurricanes of blood
that inspired what you are.

That is the universe
I shall not know

but celebrate its excellence,
        mystifying,
with life’s due hailing.

*

This is all up to the stones.
I read those whispers —

deep veins of intake,
deep parcels of grass

to pace through, feel
beneath free footing —

releasing them in the candor
of the following morning.

Wordless insights write themselves
in bryophyta, exhale promise
in trichomes

burnt to open curtains and doors.

Perhaps the stars have their say too;
that great, glimmering tract
I have looked to in sorrow

was not remote but nigh —
held me as I upon my knees

left a gem in the soil
that between Heaven and Earth

lie the proof of my heart
with torn fetters embellishing.

* * *

WULFINNA is an anarchist poetry/prose author situating her work on green anti-politics, individualist critique, gender egoism, nihilist ataraxia and revivalist barbarism. She is her own publisher (through *Ignited In Dark*) using the Creative Commons license for her poetry and releasing most prose in the public domain

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